



No.112

JUNE...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise"
etc.: Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion

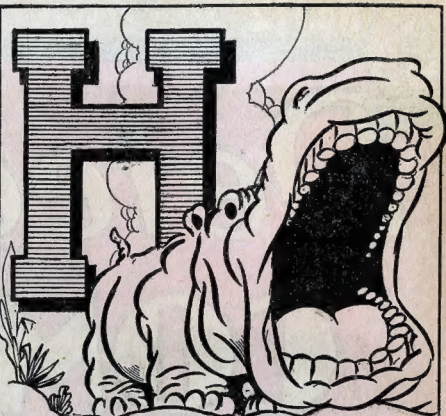
Member, Executive Board

New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLK
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for
HIPPOTAMUS,

AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS
BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



- ON THE COVER OF
**STAR-SPANGLED
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY**
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 112. June, 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address

The National Comics Group, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.



BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

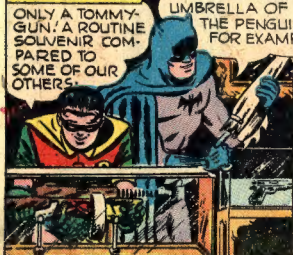


HERE IS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST CASES THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED! YET, STRANGELY ENOUGH, THIS ACTION-PACKED EPISODE CONTAINS NO FISTS—NO BULLETS—NO CROOKS—NO VILLAINS—NOT EVEN A **CRIME!!** BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT THERE ISN'T A HEAVY CALL ON THE BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THE DYNAMIC DUO BEFORE THEY REACH THE ABSOLUTELY UNEXPECTED SOLUTION OF...

"The CASE Without A CRIME!"

ANOTHER CRIME SOLVED... AND BATMAN AND ROBIN ADD A NEW ITEM TO THEIR TROPHY COLLECTION...

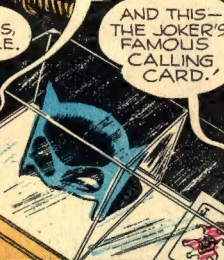
ONLY A TOMMY-GUN, A ROUTINE SOLVENIR COMPARED TO SOME OF OUR OTHERS.



YES, THIS UMBRELLA OF THE PENGUIN'S, FOR EXAMPLE.

OR THIS MASK OF THE CATWOMAN'S.

AND THIS-- THE JOKER'S FAMOUS CALLING CARD.



AND REMEMBER THIS? THE CASE WITHOUT A CRIME?

I'LL SAY I DO, AN ORDINARY \$1 BILL.



A MOST UNUSUAL TROPHY INDEED! BUT PAPA BRUGEL'S COSTUME SHOP WAS AN UNUSUAL PLACE. TO CORINNE, THE SEAMSTRESS, EDDIE THE FITTER AND AUGUST, THE BOOKKEEPER, IT WAS A LITTLE ISLAND OF HAPPINESS, WHERE LOVE, HARMONY AND TRUST REIGNED SUPREME...

THESE FOUR HAD NO SECRETS FROM EACH OTHER. FOR SEVERAL YEARS THEY HAD WORKED SIDE BY SIDE, TAKING THEIR LUNCHES TOGETHER IN THE LARGE BACK ROOM. THEY WERE KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS PAPA BRUGEL'S "FAMILY".



EDDIE



CORINNE



AUGUST



PAPA BRUGEL

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A SATURDAY MORNING WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE DAY'S FIRST CUSTOMER, WEALTHY SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE...

HERE ARE YOUR CHARITY MASQUERADE COSTUMES, MR. WAYNE. I HOPE THEY TAKE THE \$100 PRIZE.



THANKS. HOW'S PAPA BRUGEL?

CORINNE-- WHERE ARE YOU?

OH! COMING, PAPA BRUGEL! HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, MR. WAYNE.

THANKS! BETTER RUN, CORINNE. SOUNDS AS IF HE'S IN A HURRY.



SOME HOURS AFTER BRUCE'S DEPARTURE...

ACCORDING TO THE TAPE, THERE SHOULD BE \$2,175 IN THE REGISTER. I'VE CHECKED TWICE, BUT \$99 IS STILL MISSING. SOMEBODY MAYBE BORROWED?

NOT I, AUGUST!

NOR I. THAT'S A STRANGE FIGURE TO BE MISSING - \$99...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT COULDN'T GO "FOOF"! JUST LIKE THAT, WE MUSTN'T TELL PAPA BRUGEL. MAYBE IT WILL TURN UP BY MONDAY...

BUT BY CHANCE, PAPA BRUGEL OVERHEARD...

\$99 MISSING? SURELY MY LITTLE FAMILY DOES NOT HARBOR A THIEF!

AT LUNCH...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. WHO AMONG THEM COULD BE GUILTY?

EDDIE KEEPS LOOKING AT ME IN SUCH A FUNNY WAY. CAN HE REALLY BE GUILTY?

THAT EXPENSIVE WATCH SHE BOUGHT FOR MY BIRTHDAY. DID SHE REALLY SAVE THE MONEY?

THAT NIGHT, WEARING THEIR COSTUMES, BRUCE AND DICK APPEAR AT THE CHARITIES MASQUERADE...

PLENTY OF JEWELRY AROUND, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, YOUNGESTER.



SUDDEN DARKNESS SUPPLIES THE ANSWER TO BRUCE'S QUESTION!! BUT WHILE STARTLED CRIES PIERCE THE GLOOM, TWO PIRATES DISCREETLY VANISH...

E-EEE-E!
HELP!

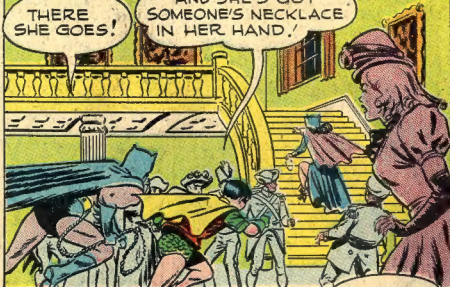
MY
NECKLACE!
THE CATWOMAN!

GET THOSE
LIGHTS ON!!

—AND THE RESTORED LIGHT REVEALS **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN**!!

THERE
SHE GOES!

AND SHE'S GOT
SOMEONE'S NECKLACE
IN HER HAND!



SHE
WON'T GET
FAR!



BATMAN! I NEVER
EXPECTED *YOU* HERE!
BUT SO MUCH THE
BETTER!

YOU MEAN,
SO MUCH THE
WORSE—FOR
YOU!



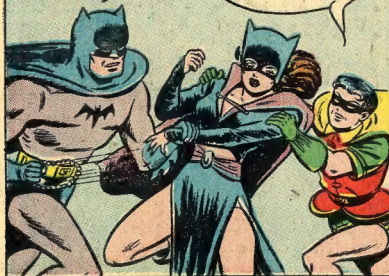
I'LL TAKE
THOSE PEARLS!

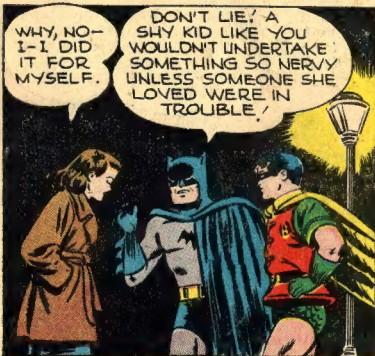
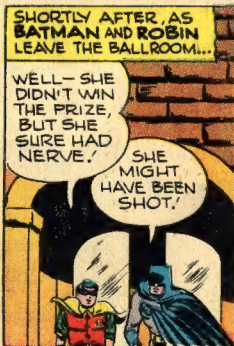
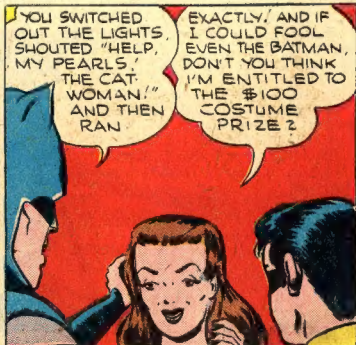
AND I'LL
TAKE *YOU*!!

THAT'S FUNNY!
THESE PEARLS
ARE PASTE!

HA-HA! IT WORKED
OUT BETTER THAN
I EXPECTED,
THANKS TO
YOU TWO.

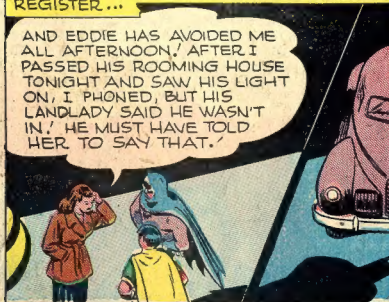
SAY—
ARE YOU
CRAZY?





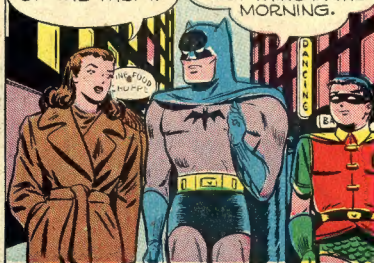
SO CORINNE TELLS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** OF THE \$99 MISSING FROM THE CASH REGISTER...

AND EDDIE HAS AVOIDED ME ALL AFTERNOON! AFTER I PASSED HIS ROOMING HOUSE TONIGHT AND SAW HIS LIGHT ON, I PHONED, BUT HIS LANDLADY SAID HE WASN'T IN! HE MUST HAVE TOLD HER TO SAY THAT.



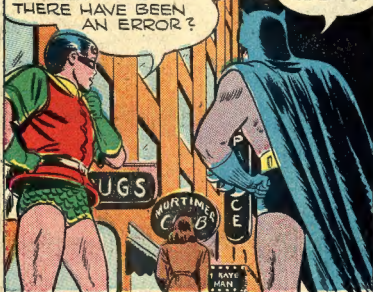
I'M SO WORRIED... BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK I SUSPECT HIM OF THE THEFT.

YOU STOP WORRYING, AND STOP TAKING CHANCES. I'LL SEE EDDIE MYSELF, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.



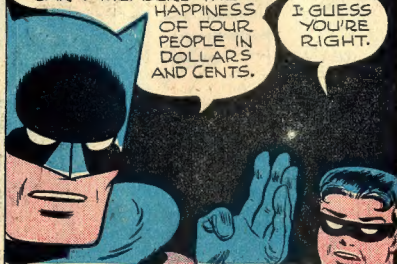
AN AWFUL FUSS OVER \$99. THAT LITTLE SHOP TAKES IN SEVERAL THOUSANDS A WEEK. COULDN'T THERE HAVE BEEN AN ERROR?

IT ISN'T JUST THE \$99, **ROBIN**...



FOUR PEOPLE ARE INVOLVED. IF THE TRUTH ISN'T DISCOVERED, SUSPICION OF EACH OTHER CAN DESTROY EVERYTHING THEY'VE BUILT UP. YOU CAN'T MEASURE THE HAPPINESS OF FOUR PEOPLE IN DOLLARS AND CENTS.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.



SO SUNDAY NOON, AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** APPROACH EDDIE'S HOUSE...

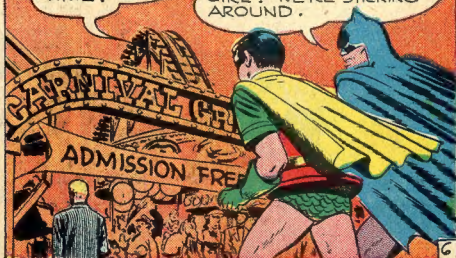
LOOK- THAT'S EDDIE COMING OUT NOW!

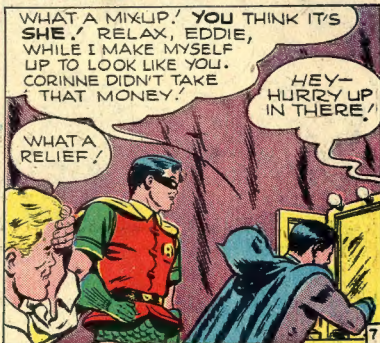
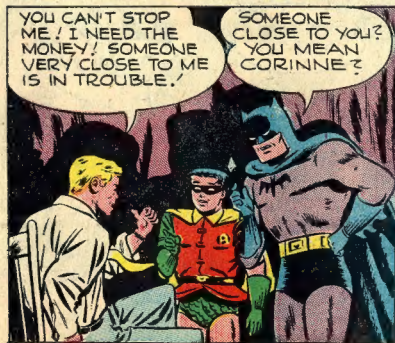
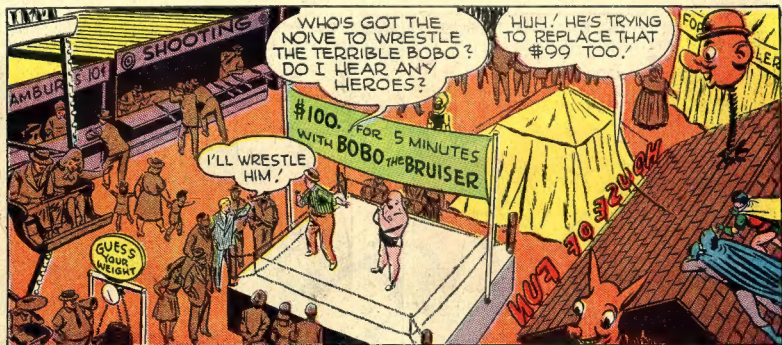


GET BACK! WE'LL SHADOW HIM FOR A WHILE. MAYBE WE'LL LEARN MORE THAT WAY!

WHY- HE'S ONLY GOING TO THE CARNIVAL! WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME.

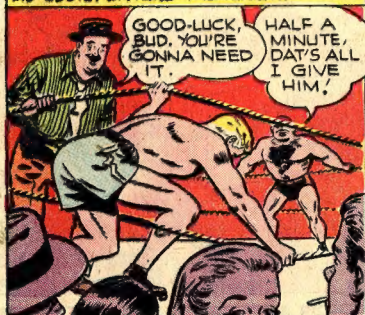
THINK SO? WHO GOES TO A CARNIVAL WITH SUCH A LONG FACE? AND IT'S SUNDAY! WHERE'S HIS GIRL? WE'RE STICKING AROUND.



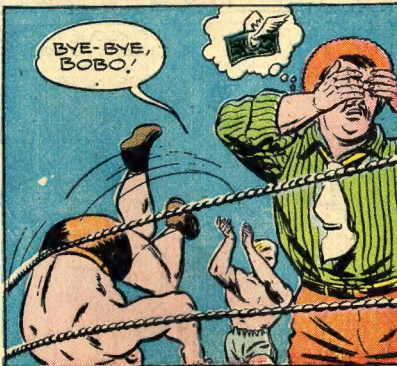
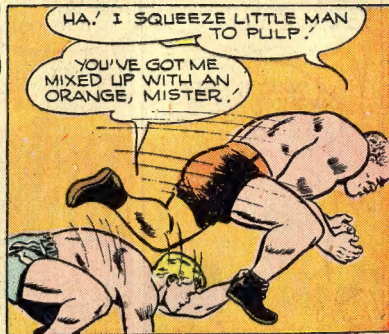
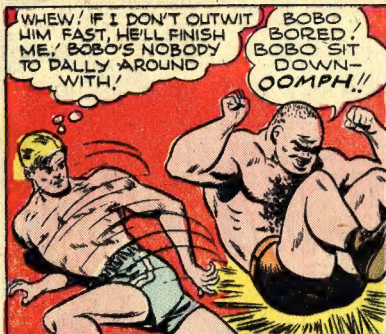
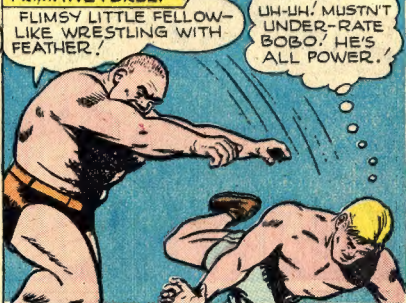


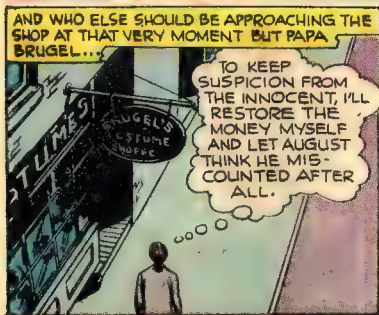
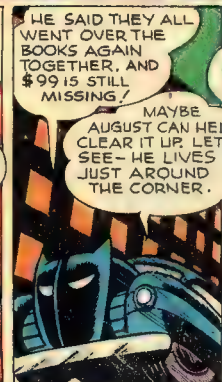
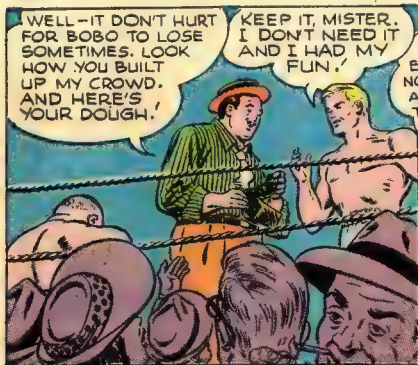


SECONDS LATER, THE BATMAN, DISGUISED AS EDDIE, ENTERS THE RING...



BATMAN VERSUS BOBO THE BRUISER! MIND AGAINST MUSCLE! WIRY COORDINATION VS. PRIMITIVE FORCE!

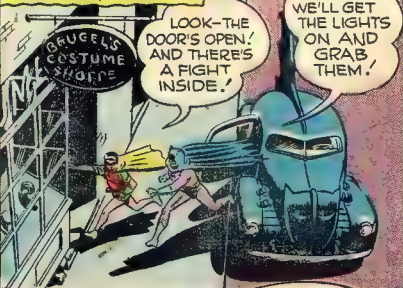




AS PAPA BRUGEL SPRINGS, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE TURNS, A WORDLESS SCUFFLE FOLLOWS...



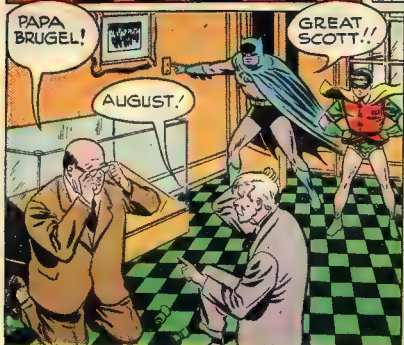
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...



PAPA BRUGEL!

GREAT SCOTT!!

AUGUST!



SO - YOU WERE TRYING TO PUT \$99 BACK IN THE REGISTER TO COVER THE THIEF.

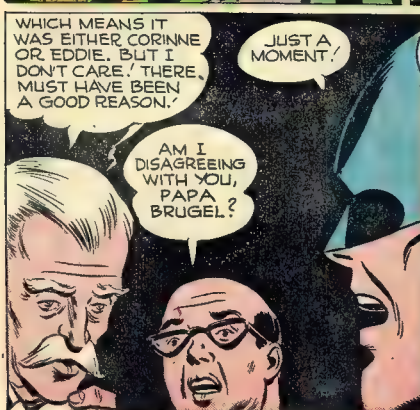
AND YOU TOO, I SEE! SO YOU KNEW ABOUT THE THEFT ALL THE TIME!



WHICH MEANS IT WAS EITHER CORINNE OR EDDIE. BUT I DON'T CARE! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD REASON.

JUST A MOMENT!

AM I DISAGREEING WITH YOU, PAPA BRUGEL?

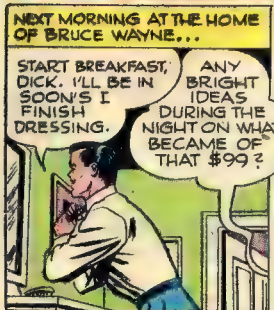
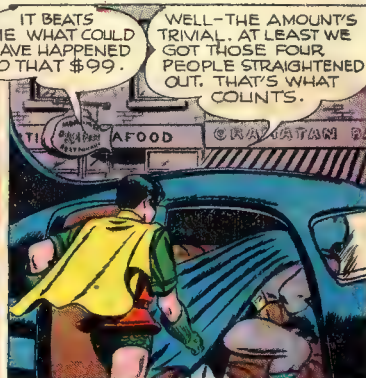


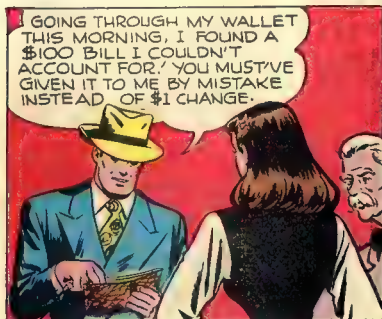
THOSE TWO ARE INNOCENT! I MADE SURE OF THAT!

WHAT? BUT WHO ELSE?

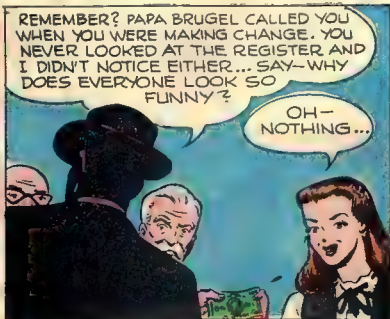
HURRAH! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THERE WERE NO THIEVES IN MY SHOP, AUGUST?







GOING THROUGH MY WALLET THIS MORNING, I FOUND A \$100 BILL I COULDN'T ACCOUNT FOR. YOU MUST'VE GIVEN IT TO ME BY MISTAKE INSTEAD OF \$1 CHANGE.



REMEMBER? PAPA BRUGEL CALLED YOU WHEN YOU WERE MAKING CHANGE. YOU NEVER LOOKED AT THE REGISTER AND I DIDN'T NOTICE EITHER... SAY-WHY DOES EVERYONE LOOK SO FUNNY?

OH-NOTHING...



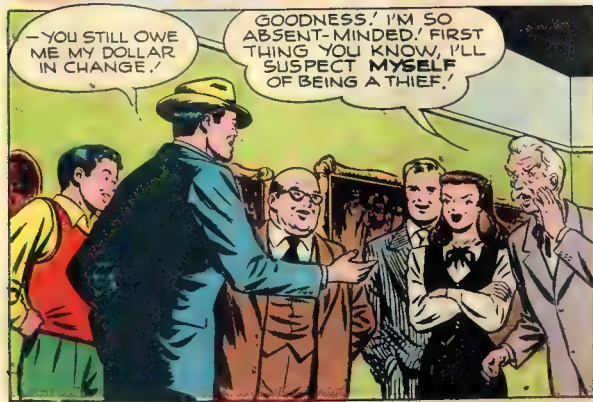
I-I WAS JUST REMINDED OF A CASE THAT THE BATMAN NEVER SOLVED.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR. WAYNE. AND COME AGAIN SOON.

HOLD ON, PAPA BRUGEL. YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING. YOU'VE GOT YOUR HUNDRED BACK, SO-

PIRATE HAT



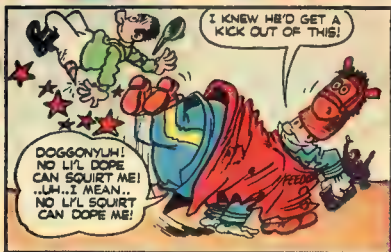
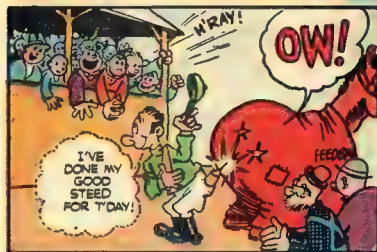
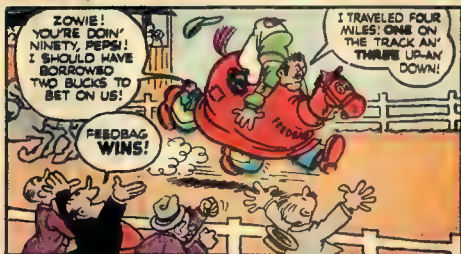
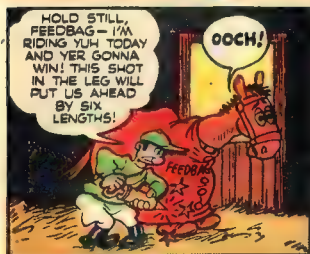
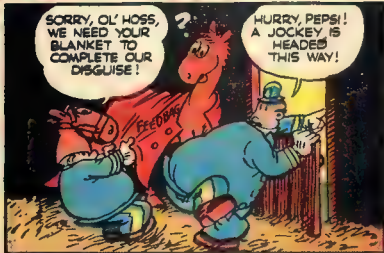
-YOU STILL OWE ME MY DOLLAR IN CHANGE.

GOODNESS! I'M SO ABSENT-MINDED! FIRST THING YOU KNOW, I'LL SUSPECT MYSELF OF BEING A THIEF.

AND THAT, READER, EXPLAINS HOW A \$1 BILL CAME TO BE IN THE TROPHY ROOM DISPLAY FOR *THE* CASE WITHOUT A CRIME

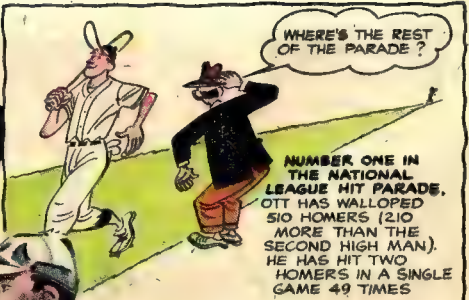
THE END

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP





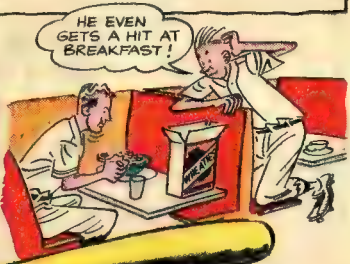
OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS. EVERY TIME HE HITS A HOMER, SCORES OR DRIVES IN A RUN, DRAWS A WALK, OR HITS FOR AN EXTRA BASE -- HE SENDS A LEAGUE RECORD ZOOMING



NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HIT PARADE. OTT HAS WALLOPED 510 HOMERS (210 MORE THAN THE SECOND HIGH MAN). HE HAS HIT TWO HOMERS IN A SINGLE GAME 49 TIMES

Mel
OTT

CHAMPION RECORD BREAKER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS THE OUT-FIELDER-MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE, WHEATIES--BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT. "WHEATIES WITH PLenty OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY HIT THE SPOT." A SWELL TRAINING DISH TOO! GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES, LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU CAN USE PLenty OF

HERE'S HOW!

YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS



WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
The New York Giants
Let New Day in!

AIR WAVE

GEO KONTOS-

DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan* AND **AIR WAVE**, WIZARD OF WIRELESS, BEING ONE AND THE SAME ... IT MAY BE SOMEWHAT OF A SURPRISE TO FIND THEM IN DIFFERENT PLACES AT THE SAME TIME! SO THE CRAFTY CRIMINALS WHO HAVE APPARENTLY OUTWITTED ONE TRY TO SIMPLIFY THINGS BY PUTTING A BULLET INTO THE OTHER...AS THE HUMAN RADAR MAN BATTLES VALIANTLY FOR THE FREEDOM OF...

"DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN
...CONVICT!"

OF ALL PEOPLE TO FIND IN JAIL...THE LAST ONE YOU'D EXPECT IS *Larry Jordan*, DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

BUT I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU... I'M INNOCENT!

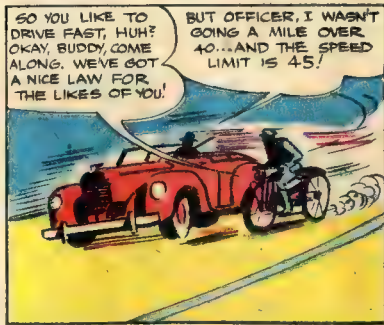
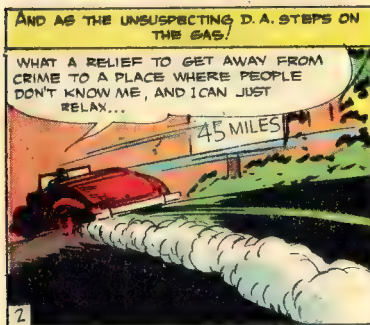
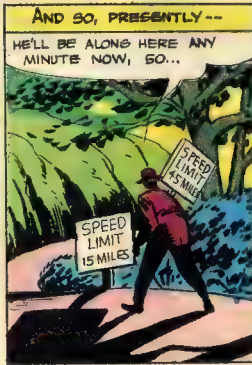
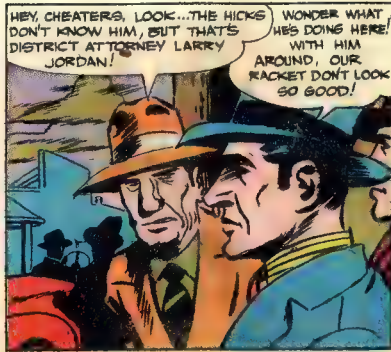
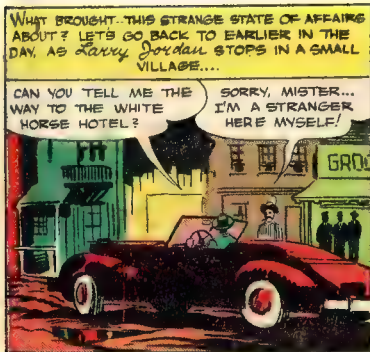
HA! HA!...THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

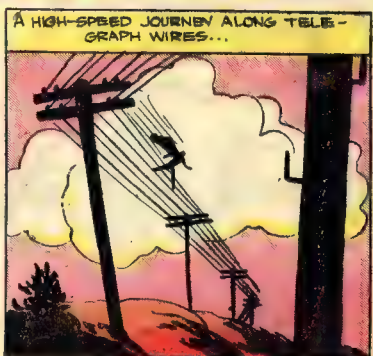
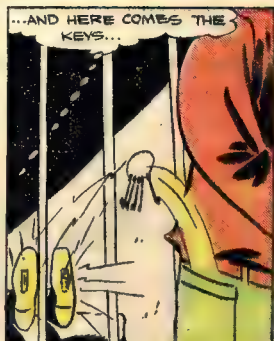
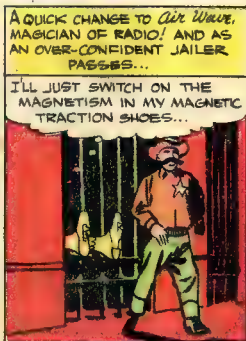
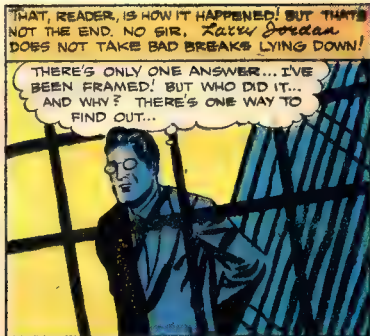
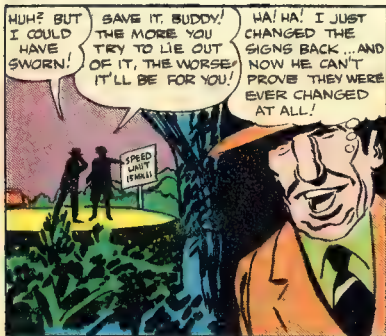


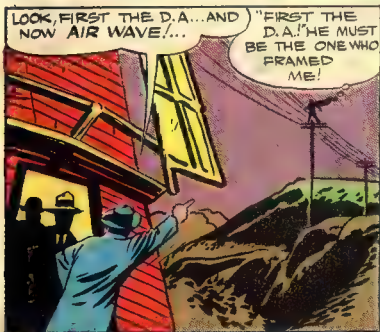
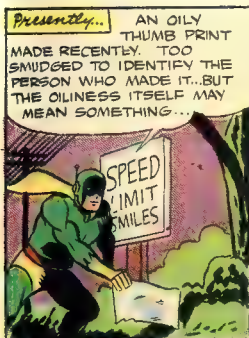
AND TO MAKE THINGS WORSE...*Larry Jordan* IS IN REALITY NONE OTHER THAN **AIR WAVE**, WIZARD OF WIRELESS, WHO CAN TUNE IN AND BROADCAST TO METAL ANYWHERE!

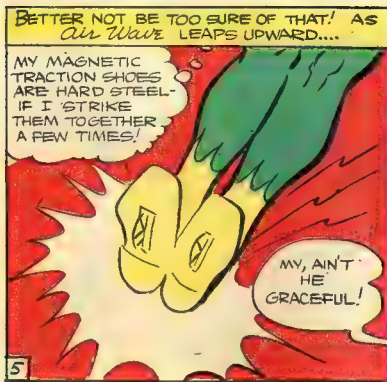
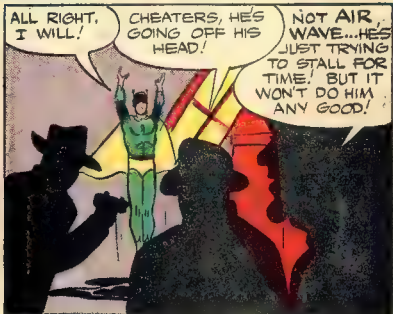
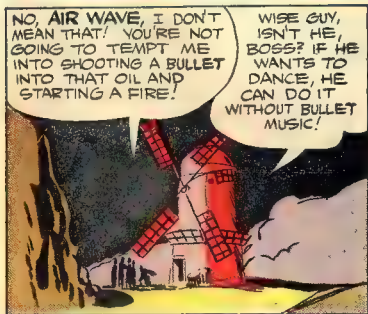
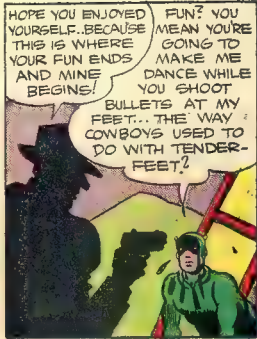
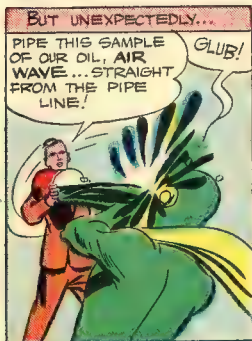
WHAT A SPOT FOR A MAN WHO CATCHES CRIMINALS...TO BE CAUGHT AS A CRIMINAL MYSELF!

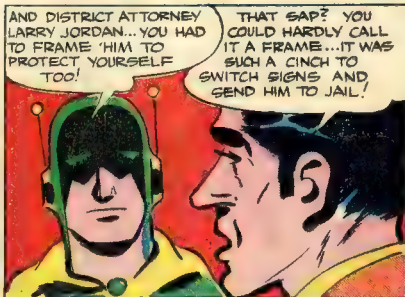
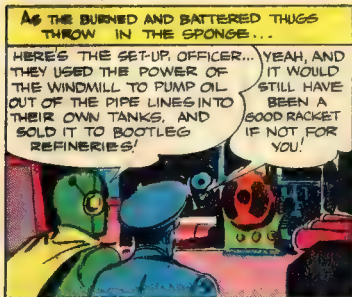
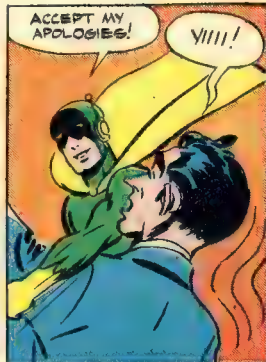
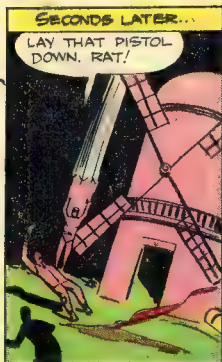




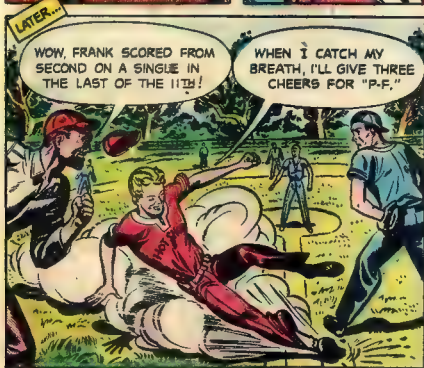
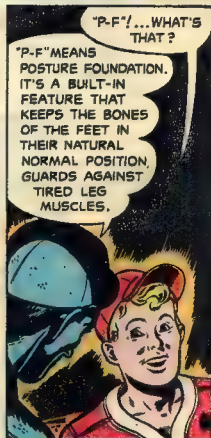








5-INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B. F. Goodrich or
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY

SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN A MAN GOES TO BED FOR THE NIGHT, THEN WAKES UP IN THE SAME BED, BUT IN A TOTALLY DIFFERENT ROOM, THAT'S A MYSTERY. AS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN LEARNED IN A WEIRD, FAST-MOVING SET-UP FOR ...

"DOUBLE ROOM SERVICE!"



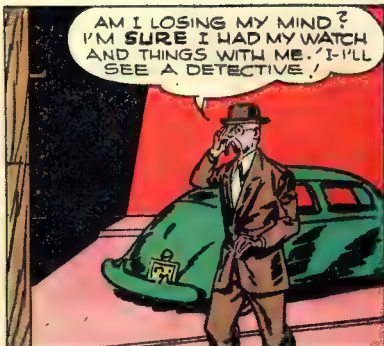
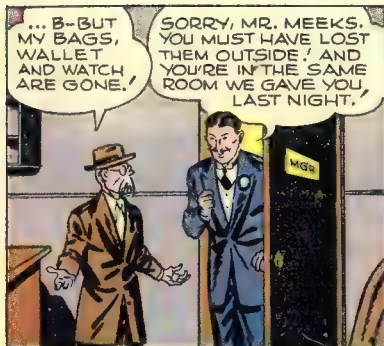
Mr. MECKS, GUEST OF THE BING HOTEL, ROUSES FROM A SOUND SLEEP
.....

SLEPT LIKE A TOP!... HEY! THIS ISN'T THE ROOM I WENT TO BED IN! THE FURNITURE, WALL-PAPER, EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT!

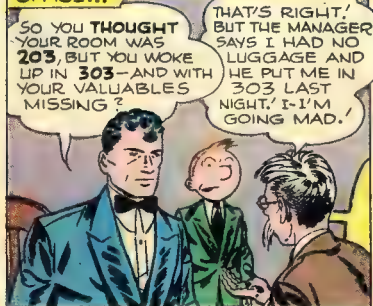


THERE'S MY SUIT - BUT MY BAGS, WATCH AND MONEY ARE GONE! I-I'll SEE THE MANAGER ABOUT THIS!

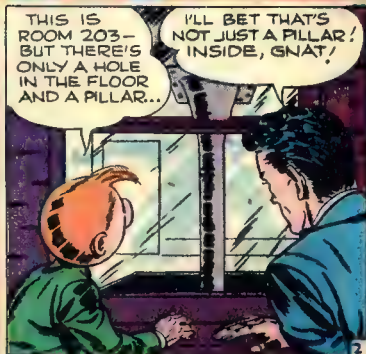
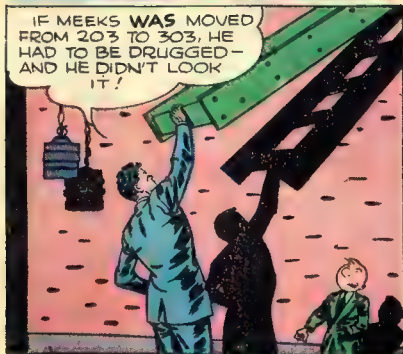
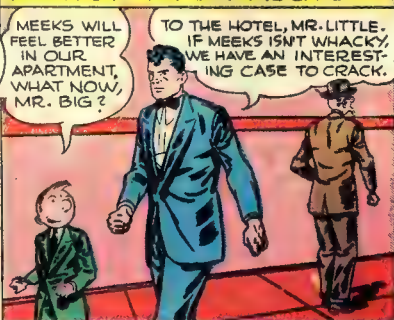


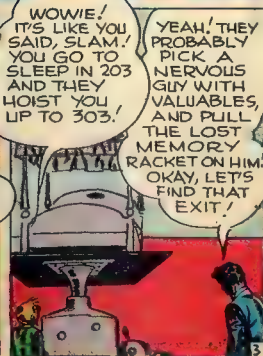
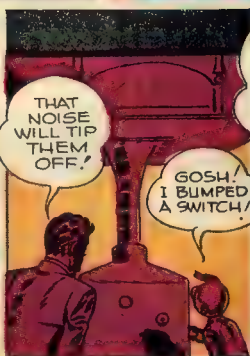
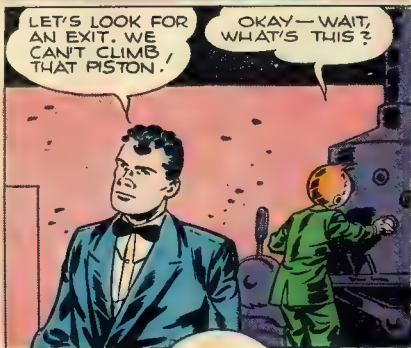
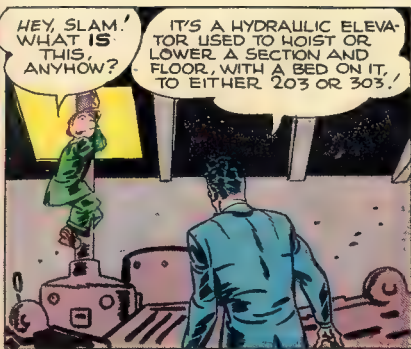
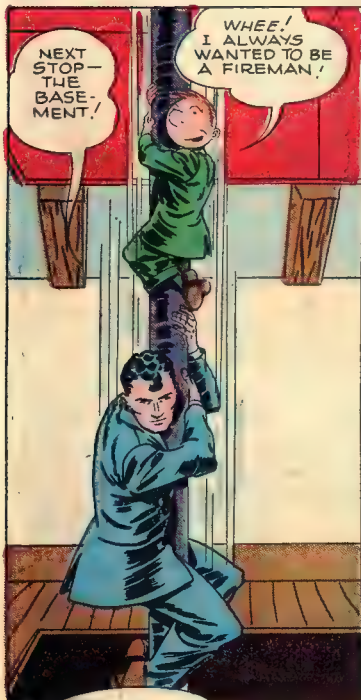


LATER-IN DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY'S OFFICE...



SLAM AND SHORTY TAKE THE CASE...

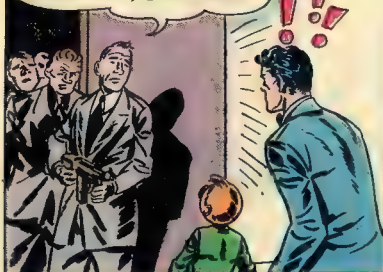






SUDDENLY, A SECRET DOOR OPENS.

HERE'S THE EXIT—AND
YOURS TOO, GUMSHOES!



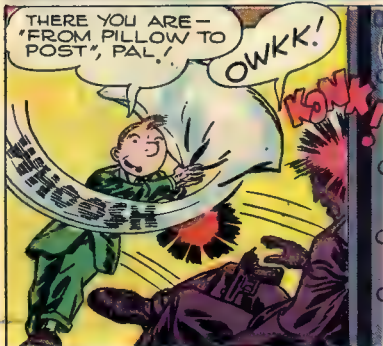
GO TO
SLEEPP
MY
BAYEEEEBEE!

GUGH!



THERE YOU ARE—
"FROM PILLOW TO
POST", PAL!

OWKK!



SHORTY! THOSE
FEATHERS—
BLINDING
ME!

WHO'D FIGURE
A PILLOW COULD—
HEY! IT'S MOLTING!



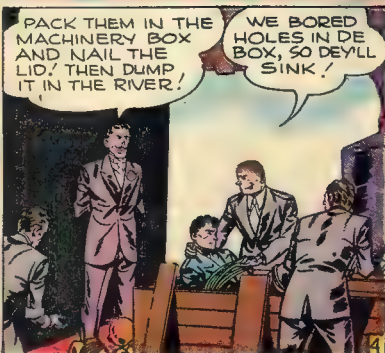
SLAM!
LOOK...
AHHH!

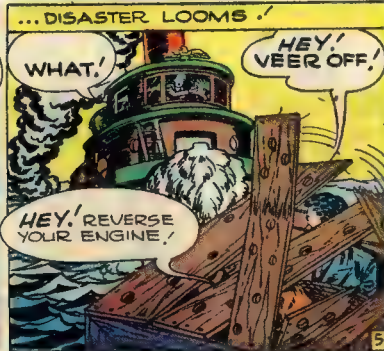
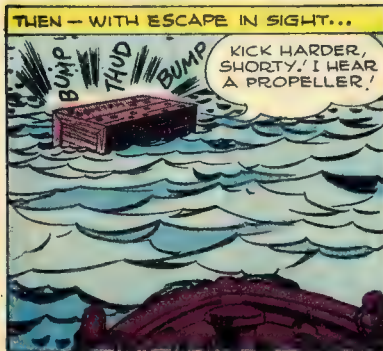
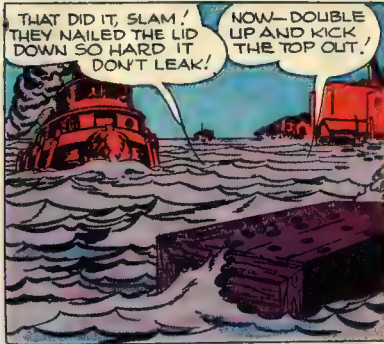
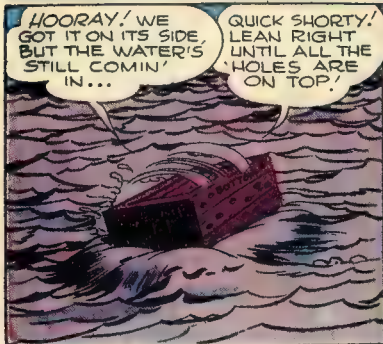
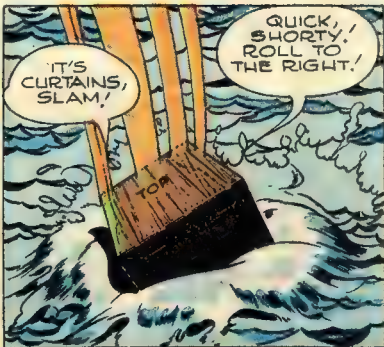
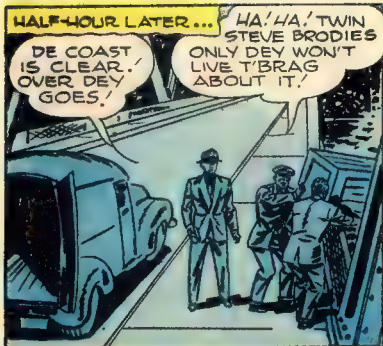
AHH!

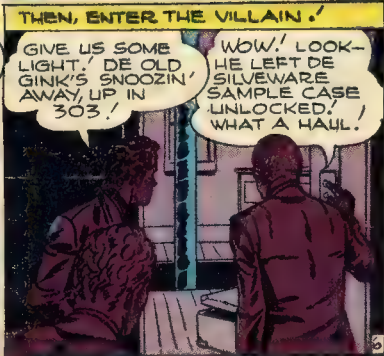
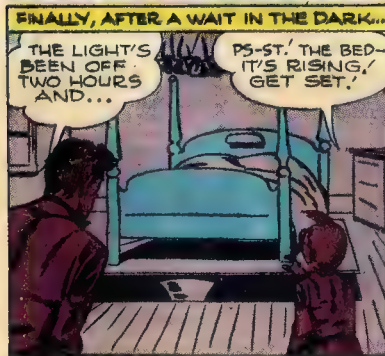
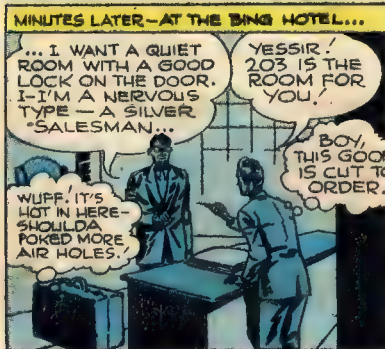
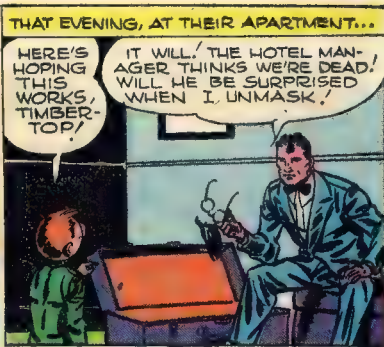


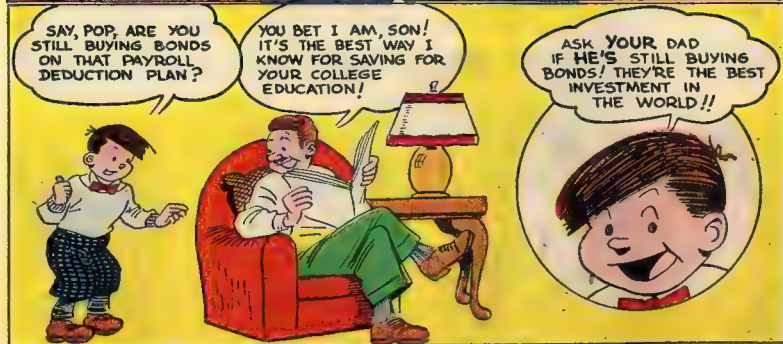
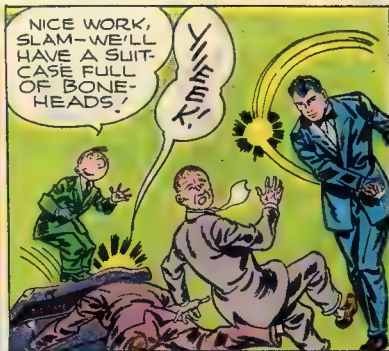
PACK THEM IN THE
MACHINERY BOX
AND NAIL THE
LID! THEN DUMP
IT IN THE RIVER!

WE BORED
HOLES IN DE
BOX, SO DEY'LL
SINK!











HURRY! HURRY!

START YOUR NEW SERIES OF COMIC BUTTONS

Get a Funny-Paper Character As A
GIFT In Every Package OF **KELLOGG'S PEP!**

18 NEW PIN-ON BUTTONS! They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on real metal pin-on buttons! Fun to swap, collect, and pin on your jacket, sweater, and beanie!

BE THE ENVY OF YOUR GANG! Be the first to own a complete set of 18 buttons!

All you do is ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP. And there in the package is your prize comic button, attached to cardboard. They're printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What a grand collection they make! Hurry, hurry! Get started on your collection!

18 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS

DAGWOOD
BLONDIE
JIGGS
HANS

FRITZE
MAGGIE
POPEYE
OLIVE OYL
LITTLE KING

POP JENKS
JUNIOR TRACY
ANDY GUMP
DON WINSLOW
UNCLE WILLIE

EMMY
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM
RIP WINKLE
SUPERMAN



LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.

GOOD-NATURED HARVEY

NOW, IF I COULD ONLY FIGHT!

HARVEY I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!

WHO, ME?

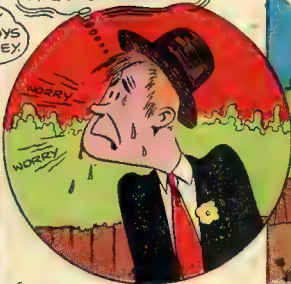
YEP—YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN BY THE BOYS AT THE CLUB TO ENTER THE ELIMINATION BOXING TOURNAMENT!

BOXING TOURNAMENT? WHY, I NEVER FOUGHT ANYONE IN MY LIFE! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT FIGHTING.

YOU CAN'T LET THE BOYS DOWN, HARVEY.

I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO ENTER IT TO SHOW THAT I'M A GOOD FELLER.

THIS IS AWFUL. I MIGHT GET KILLED... AND I'M SO YOUNG.



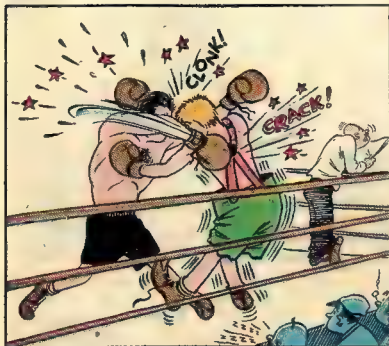
A FEW DAYS PASS, AND...

IN THIS CORNER IN POIPLE TRONKS, AT 130 POWN'S

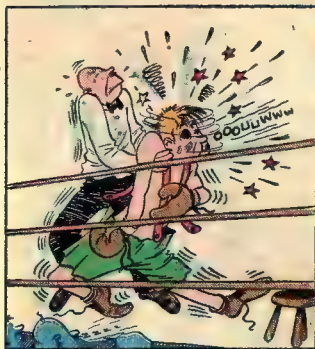
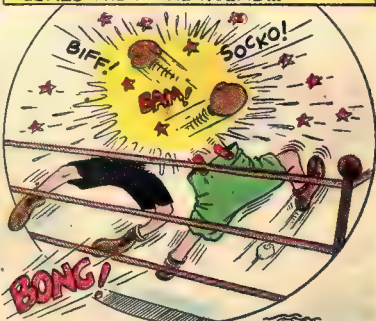
OOOOHHH... WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE ALL THIS?

GRRRR GRRRR

BONG!



COMES THE FINAL ROUND...



IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

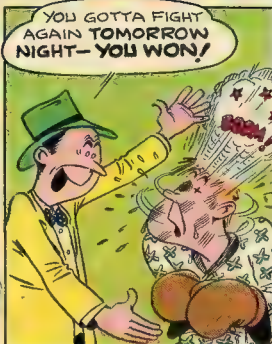
NICE WORK, HARVEY.

I'M SORRY, FELLERS... BUT I TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT.



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, HARVEY? WHY, YOU WERE GREAT...

YEAH!



YOU GOTTA FIGHT AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT— YOU WON!



CALL THE WAGON! QUICK!!

Phil Berube

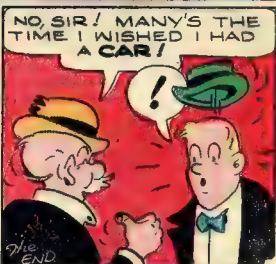
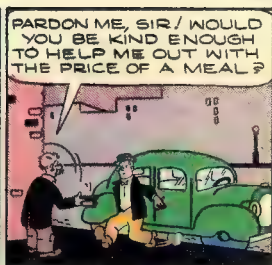
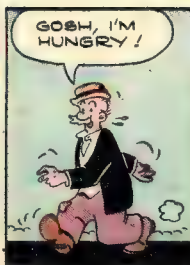
THE END



SCUFFY

THE TRAMP

LIT WIN



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE BERRIES!

LETTUCE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE... AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGGONE GOOD GUM!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!

NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!

NOBODY HOME

by Blair Bolton

THE knock roused Hardesty, who was just corking off. He staggered out of bed. The radium dial said one-thirty. He'd been asleep a scant fifteen minutes. Nobody knew that except Hardesty, though. Just as none but he knew who had murdered Diane Meade.

The little superintendent, Stolweig, blinked. "Why, I didn't see you come in. Mr. Hardesty," he said, politely, trying to cover up his surprise and apologize at the same time. "Sorry to disturb you, but the telephone man forgot his pliers. You see, when I let the man in to install the telephone, not wanting to disturb you if you were sleeping off your cold, I was surprised to find nobody home." He smiled. "Telephones are awfully hard to get, you know, and when the man came at ten tonight, I knew you'd want me to let him in, even if you were sleeping. I just wanted you to know he put it in the living room."

Hardesty whirled, snapped on the light. Then, for the first time he saw the new telephone. And behind it he saw the shadow of the electric chair!

The story was old, but Hardesty felt he was the one who could give it a new twist. Murder, too, was an old story to Hardesty. Twice in his life he had killed and gotten away with it. He wasn't worried about the third time. It couldn't catch up with him. He was too fast for Death.

Each time Hardesty killed, it had been for money. Money makes some people kill in desperation; the lack of money, that is. Other people strive hard to overcome financial lack. Hardesty was not one of these. He was the easy come, easy go type.

Diane Meade had refused to help him out of his financial difficulties. Sitting in his room now, his eyes hardened. She couldn't play him for a sucker! He'd given her plenty, though, as she'd said, she'd never asked for anything. But he'd stuck around, basking in her glory. She was one of the country's best actresses and, for a time, he had been very proud when the columnists linked her name with his as being seen around at premieres, backstage, and in local night spots. Everybody figured he was her boy-friend. Only Hardesty knew that Diane Meade wasn't his girl. Oh, she had been amused by him. He was good-looking, and one of the best bond salesmen in town. You had to be good to keep up with Diane.

But tonight she had told him off when he'd revealed his financial difficulties. He had appropriated a lot of customers' money, almost fifty thousand

dollars. Brooding in the chair in his apartment, the scene with Diane flashed back into Hardesty's mind.

"I'm sorry, Dan," she had said coolly, "really sorry. But you've got to take your medicine." A long look with those clear blue eyes. "Even if it means jail, it'll do you some good."

That attitude, that reminder hadn't helped. "I'll kill you," he had grated, "if you don't help me. You've got all those jewels—"

Diane had looked at him without fear. "I wondered when you'd say that," she said, and there was cold contempt in her eyes. "Good-bye, Dan. I'm not afraid of you. Marie will show you to the door."

Hardesty remembered how he had started nervously as she mentioned the maid. In his anger he had forgotten the maid was in Diane's apartment. He could tell by her eyes as she let him out that she had heard.

"Yes," he said now to the darkened room. "She thinks I won't kill her. But I will." The murderous light came into his eyes. Two others had seen it, and it had spelled death for both of them. "They've never caught me for the others and they won't catch me for this!"

But, he'd have to be smart about this killing, too, establish a fool-proof alibi.

So, for two weeks he thought about it, and he had an alibi almost finished. But, like a jig-saw puzzle, there was one little piece missing. The item in the newspaper provided the missing bit.

It was the announcement that Shostakovitch's Seventh, would be broadcast on Thursday night, with Graziani conducting. Thursday night! On that night, for five years, Marie, the maid, had visited her sister in Brooklyn. Nothing had ever stopped her, except when she was on a road tour with Diane. But Diane was doing nothing now, wouldn't be for a few more weeks when rehearsals for the new show were scheduled.

And Diane was crazy about Shostakovitch. She'd stay at home to listen to it. In his mind's eye, Hardesty could see Diane curled up in a comfortable chair, the radio going full blast.

No. Thursday night she'd be more than glad of Marie's absence. And so would Hardesty, for now, Marie, the only person who could say she heard him threaten to kill Diane, couldn't harm him. Not if he stayed home all night and had witnesses to prove it!

Yes, that was Hardesty's plan, fool-proof and

air-tight. On Thursday night he put it in execution.

Hardesty arrived at his apartment house, from the office, promptly at five-thirty. As Hardesty knew he would, the doorman expressed surprise at finding a dollar slipped in his hand. "Put my car in the garage, Jim, please," Hardesty said. "I've got a cold coming on and I want to stay in tonight and nurse it. Tell them I won't need it until morning." He held up a package, whose contours showed it was Haig and Haig pinch bottle. "This'll help kill that cold."

The doorman grinned broadly. "Sure will. Hope you feel better in the morning, Mr. Hardesty."

Item One out of the way. The garage was open all night. The men on duty would testify Hardesty hadn't taken out his car. The doorman would substantiate it.

"Good-evening, Mr. Hardesty." The little superintendent bowed.

"Evening, Stolweig," Hardesty said. The superintendent doubled as elevator operator on Thursday nights. Hardesty grinned. "No, I'm not feeling well. Got a bad cold coming on, and I'm staying in tonight to nurse it."

Sympathetic Stolweig said, "Oh, that's too bad, Mr. Hardesty!" Solicitously. "Can I get you something from the drug store; maybe? It's too bad the telephone company doesn't give you faster service installing that phone you asked for. Why, you might want to get a doctor during the night."

Hardesty held up the bottle. "Best doctor in the world," he laughed, "and I've given up worrying about that phone. All they say to my complaints is that I'm on their list."

"I know. I know." The super opened the door. "Well, I hope you feel better in the morning, Mr. Hardesty."

"I will."

"Yes," he told himself in his room. "I'm going to feel a lot better. Diane Meade will be dead, and they'll never be able to pin it on me because now I have three witnesses who'll swear I never left my apartment. And I'll have Diane's money and jewels because she doesn't know I happen to know how old-fashioned she is about hiding things." He sneered. "In a shoe box in her closet."

At six-thirty, Hardesty carefully put the card between the hammer and the gong of his door bell. That way, he'd be able to tell if anyone buzzed. He was sure no one would. They don't bother people with colds, unless it's very important. There was nothing important going to happen while he was away. Just the same, he wanted to be able to say, if someone did ring, that he had heard the bell, but didn't answer. "Too ill," he'd say. "Just couldn't get out of bed."

Now, he walked to the window, threw it open. He'd studied this avenue of escape, and entrance for a week now. In the darkness, he could climb to the ornamental lion's head which jutted out from the roof. Then, a quick swing to the roof,

across to the next roof, then the next, and away. No one would notice him.

And so he did just that. At seven he was watching the doorway of Diane Meade's old-fashioned house on new-fashioned Sutton Place, watching and waiting for Marie to come out.

She was right on time, just as she had been for many Thursdays, many years. She swung up 58th Street, heading for the subway to Brooklyn. Five minutes later, Hardesty, wearing gloves, rang the doorbell.

"Why, Dan, I'm certainly surprised to see you. Come in."

He had known she'd say that. Diane Meade was always glad to see you. "And maybe she thinks I'm here to apologize," Hardesty muttered inwardly. "Well, I will."

"I came over to tell you how sorry I was about the scene I made," he said, following her into the living room, "I've straightened everything out."

"Why, Dan, that's wonderful!" Her eyes were glowing. "Tell me about it." She turned to the radio. "But wait, I'll shut the radio off. Shostakovich's Seventh doesn't go on until eight. You know . . ."

Hardesty's strong fingers cut off the rest of the words. The fingers were on her throat. They did not relax until her body was limp.

In twenty minutes, money and jewels in his pocket, Hardesty was out of the house. There remained only one more step before going back to his apartment. That was to visit an air-conditioned theatre. He always caught a cold in one if he went in during these hot summer months.

For five hours, he sat in the theatre, and when he left he had the start of a beautiful cold. And the bolstering of a beautiful alibi.

It was one o'clock when he reentered his apartment, in the manner he had left it. The card was still in the bell. No one had rung. Strain-tired, he went into the bedroom. He opened the whiskey bottle, walked to the bathroom, and poured half of it down the sink. Then he took a drink, undressed, and got into bed. He had the sniffles. They'd never suspect him now. To his alibi-witnesses, he'd been home all night, all three would swear to it. The maid's recital of his threat couldn't harm him now.

He closed his eyes. And then the bell rang. . . .

The little Superintendent blinked. "Why I didn't see you come in, Mr. Hardesty," he said politely, trying to cover up his surprise and apologize at the same time. "You see, when I let the man in to install the telephone, not wanting to disturb you, if you were sleeping off your cold, I was so surprised to find nobody home." He smiled. "Telephones are awfully hard to get, you know, and when the man came at ten tonight I knew you'd want me to let him in, even if you were sleeping." He coughed. "I just wanted to let you know he put it in the living room."

The

BOY COMMANDOS

in

"SEÑOR DEATH!"

HIRED KILLERS OF THE MYSTERIOUS SENOR MUERTE, MASTER ASSASSIN, STRIKE DOWN THE LEADERS OF A GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC—AND ONCE AGAIN THE FLYING SQUADRON OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE SWINGS INTO SPINE-TINGLING ACTION! YOU'LL FIND A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE AS, IN A GLAMOROUS TROPICAL SETTING, CAPTAIN CARTER AND HIS COMMANDO CREW OF YOUNG DAREDEVILS PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH SUDDEN DEATH TO PROTECT THE PEACE AND PROSPERITY OF A SIZEABLE SLICE OF THE WORLD.

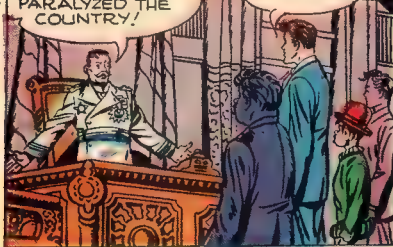




IN A PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, 6,000 MILES
DUE SOUTH OF THE WHITE HOUSE...

"SEÑOR MUERTE" IN YOUR
LANGUAGE MEANS
"MR. DEATH," CAPTAIN
CARTER. HIS REIGN OF
TERROR HAS
PARALYZED THE
COUNTRY!

WE'RE HERE
TO HELP SEÑOR
PRESIDENT.
WE'LL DO ALL
WE CAN.



SEÑOR MUERTE HAS MURDERED MY
MINISTER OF MINES AND HIS
SECRETARY, AND NOW HE
THREATENS GARCIA MORRO,
MY MINISTER OF THE
INTERIOR.

WHEN
MUERTE
STRIKES
AGAIN, WE
WILL BE
READY!



SECRECY IS IMPORTANT.
BE ALERT BUT
INCONSPICUOUS.
AND GOOD LUCK.

THANK
YOU,
SEÑOR.

WE GOTCHA.
BRUDDER, WE'RE
ALL EYES, FROM
NOW ON.



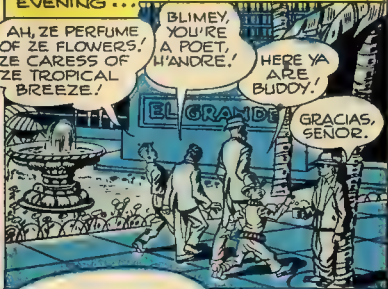
WHITHER GOES SEÑOR MORRO, RIP AND
HIS ALERT LADS FOLLOW, AND SO, THAT
EVENING...

AH, ZE PERFUME
OF ZE FLOWERS,
ZE CARESS OF
ZE TROPICAL
BREEZE!

BLIMEY,
YOU'RE
A POET,
H'ANDRE!

HERE YA
ARE
BUDDY!

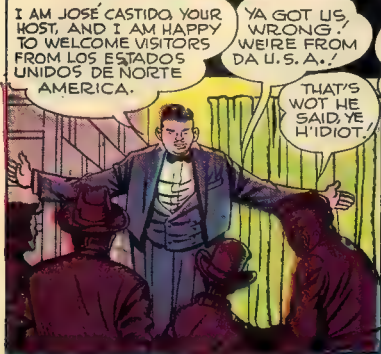
GRACIAS,
SEÑOR.



I AM JOSÉ CASTIDO, YOUR
HOST, AND I AM HAPPY
TO WELCOME VISITORS
FROM LOS ESTADOS
UNIDOS DE NORTE
AMERICA.

YA GOT US,
WRONG? WE'RE FROM
DA U.S.A.!

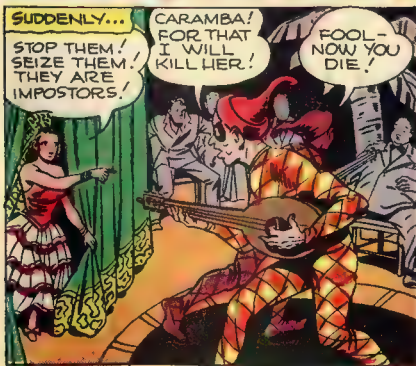
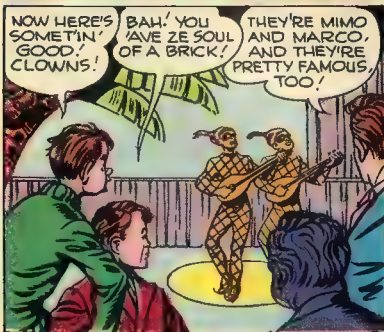
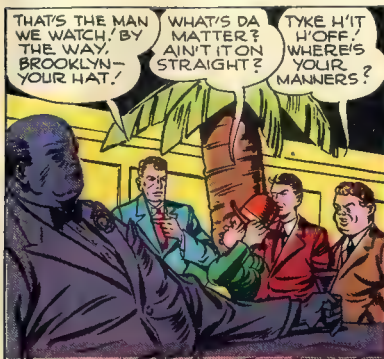
THAT'S
WOT HE
SAID, YE
H'IDIOT!

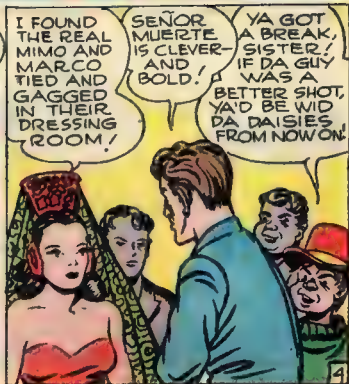
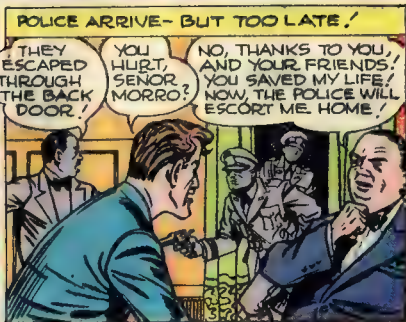
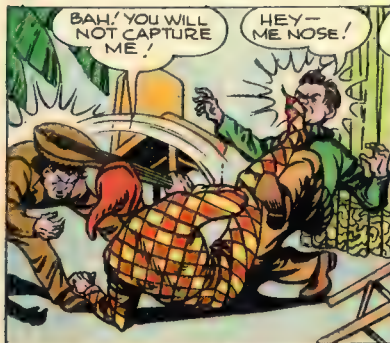


I HAVE GIVEN YOU OUR
BEST TABLE, SEÑORES.
YOU SIT NEXT TO A
VERY IMPORTANT MAN.
GARCIA MORRO, THE
CABINET MINISTER.

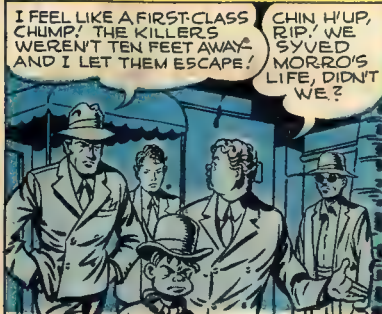
WE ARE HONORED,
SEÑOR, BY THE
PRESENCE OF
SEÑOR GARCIA
MORRO.



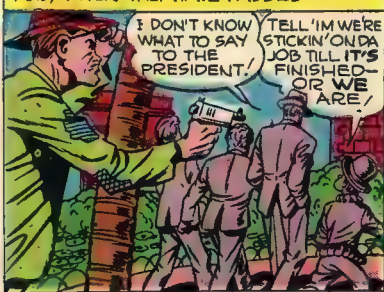




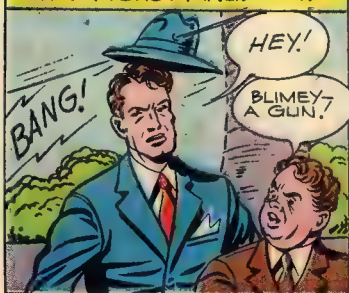
WHEN ORDER IS RESTORED...



THE DISCOURAGED TROUBLE-SHOOTERS FAIL TO NOTICE THE "BLIND" BEGGAR— AND, WHEN THEY HAVE PASSED —



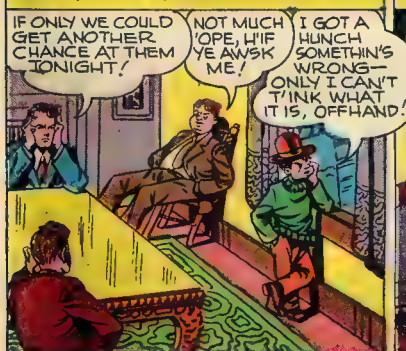
THEN—A SHOT RINGS OUT!



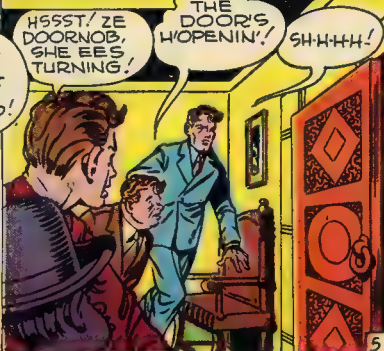
THAT SHOT SEEMED TO COME FROM ABOUT HERE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?



LATER, IN A HOTEL SUITE...



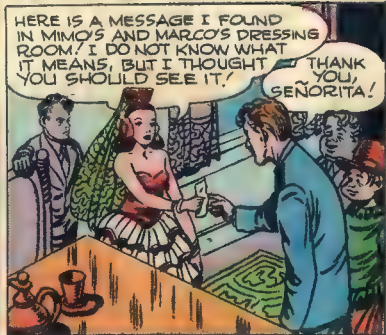
SUDDENLY...





LOLITA!

PLEASE, SEÑOR CAPITAN—NOT SO LOUD. MY LIFE IS IN DANGER FOR COMING HERE! BUT I HEARD JOSE CASTIDO SAY WHO YOU ARE, AND I WISH TO HELP YOU!



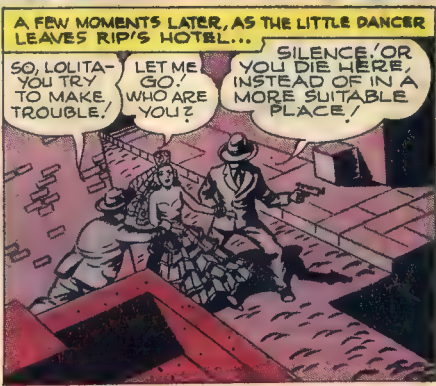
HERE IS A MESSAGE I FOUND IN MIMO'S AND MARCO'S DRESSING ROOM! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, BUT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD SEE IT!

THANK YOU, SEÑORITA!



IT READS: "COME AT 9 O'CLOCK, AND ACT WITHOUT DELAY." THERE'S NO SIGNATURE!

THE HAND-WRITING IS FAMILIAR, BUT I CANNOT PLACE IT. AND NOW, IF YOU PLEASE, I MUST HURRY BACK!

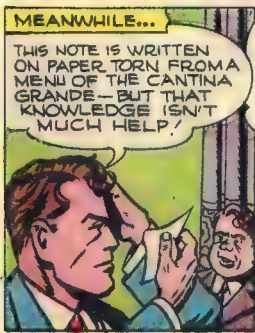


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS THE LITTLE DANCER LEAVES RIP'S HOTEL...

SO, LOLITA—YOU TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE!

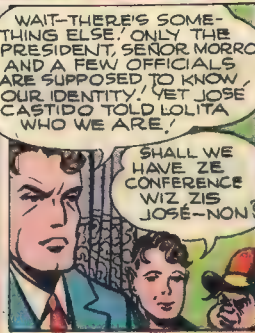
LET ME GO! WHO ARE YOU?

SILENCE! OR YOU DIE HERE, INSTEAD OF IN A MORE SUITABLE PLACE!



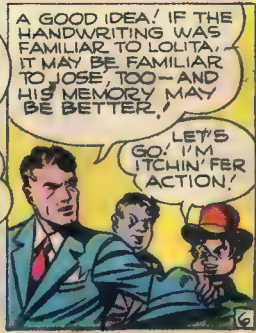
MEANWHILE...

THIS NOTE IS WRITTEN ON PAPER TORN FROM A MENU OF THE CANTINA GRANDE—BUT THAT KNOWLEDGE ISN'T MUCH HELP!



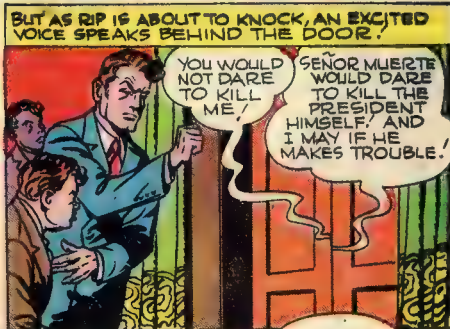
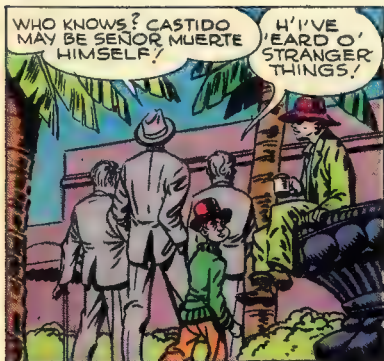
WAIT—THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE! ONLY THE PRESIDENT, SEÑOR MORRO, AND A FEW OFFICIALS ARE SUPPOSED TO KNOW OUR IDENTITY! YET JOSE CASTIDO TOLD LOLITA WHO WE ARE!

SHALL WE HAVE ZE CONFERENCE WIZ ZIS JOSE—NON?



A GOOD IDEA! IF THE HANDWRITING WAS FAMILIAR TO LOLITA, IT MAY BE FAMILIAR TO JOSE, TOO—AND HIS MEMORY MAY BE BETTER!

LET'S GO! I'M ITCHIN' FER ACTION!





UNSEEN BY RIP AND HIS COMPANIONS, THE CAFE OWNER'S FOOT PRESSES A BUTTON IN THE FLOOR—AND THE WALL QUIETLY OPENS BEHIND THEM...

SO YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS SENOR MUERTE—MISTER DEATH!

YES—BUT THE INFORMATION WILL DO YOU NO GOOD NOW, SENOR CARTER!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

PUT YOUR HANDS UP—PRONTO!

WHAT?..

YOU SEE, SENORES, WE CANNOT BE TRAPPED SO EASILY!

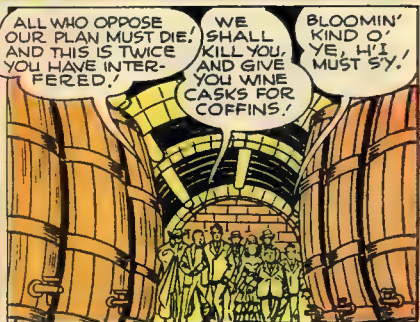


TAKE THEM TO THE CELLAR—AND THE SENORITA WITH THEM!

ALL WHO OPPOSE OUR PLAN MUST DIE! AND THIS IS TWICE YOU HAVE INTERFERED!

WE SHALL KILL YOU, AND GIVE YOU WINE CASKS FOR COFFINS!

BLOOMIN' KIND O' YE, H'I MUST SY!



FIRE AT MY SIGNAL, PABLO AND JOSEPH!

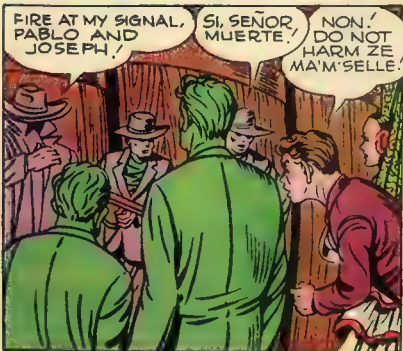
SI, SENOR MUERTE!

NON! DO NOT HARM ZE MA'M'SELLE!

I SHALL COUNT! UNO—DOS—

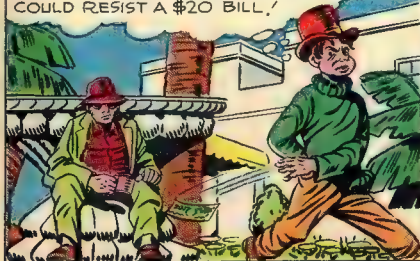
I'M SORRY, FELLAS. IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH!

WE AIN'T H'AFRAID, RIP! NOT MUCH...



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE PERIL HIS COMRADES FACE, BROOKLYN EXPERIMENTS...

MAYBE DA LUG IS BLIND, AN' MAYBE HE AIN'T! BUT I NEVER YET SEEN A GUY WIT' GOOD PEEPERS WHO COULD RESIST A \$20 BILL!



I CAUGHT YA, FAKER! YA COULDN'T HEAR IT "DROP," SO YA MUSTA SEEN IT!

EH...? A TRICK!



I MISSED YOUR COM-MANDANTE - BUT I WEE! NOT MISS YOU!

YA BETTER NOT, IF YA KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA!



DIS IS DA WAY WE DO IT IN GOOD OL' BROOKLYN, U.S.A.!



GET UP, YA RAT! I'M GONNA BEAT LUMPS ON YA HEAD, DEN YER GONNA TAKE ME TA YA BOSS!

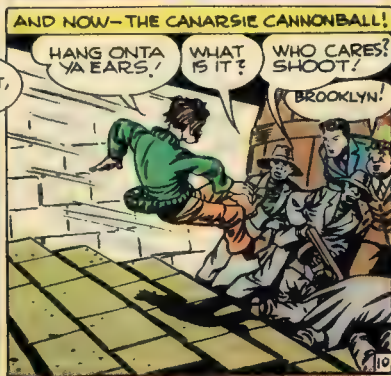
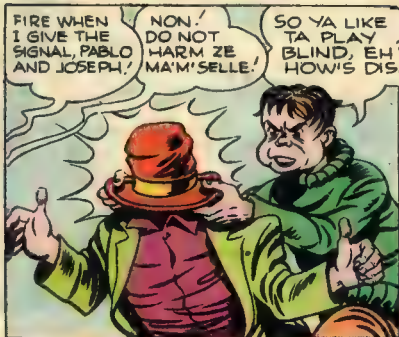
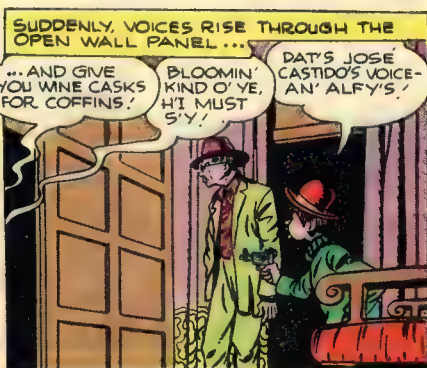
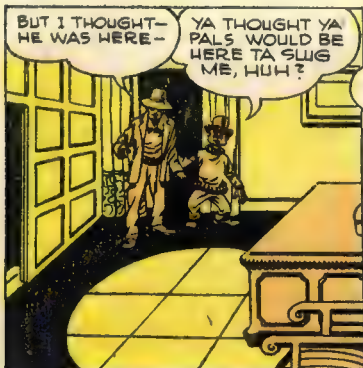
MERCY, AMIGO! I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!

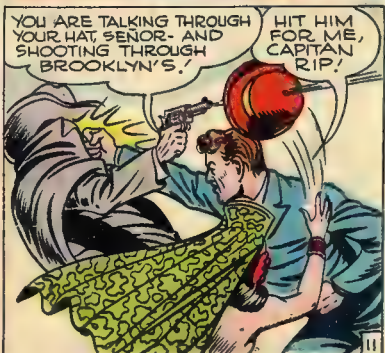
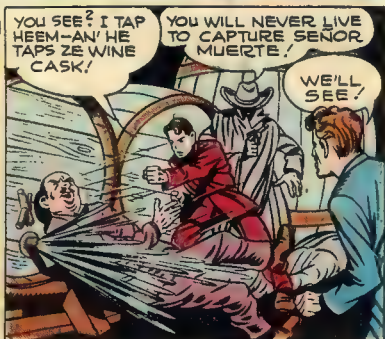
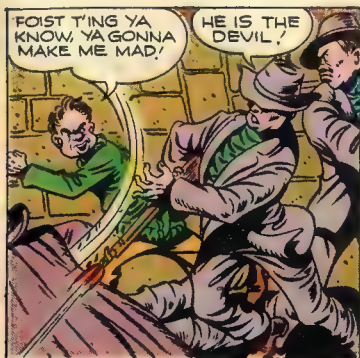


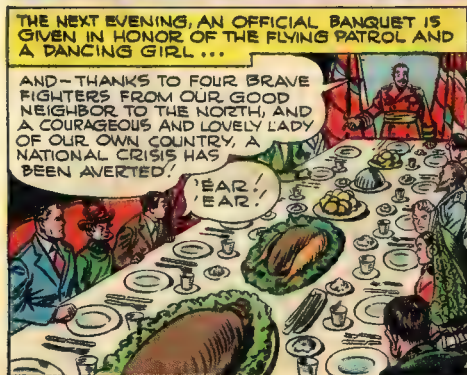
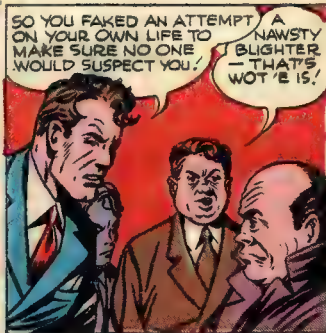
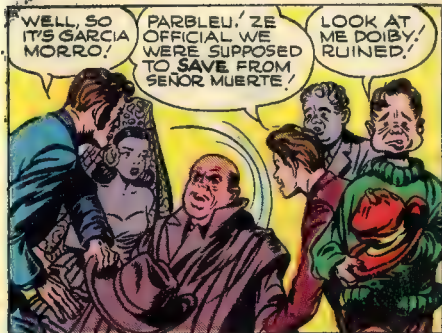
HOLD ON! WHERE WE GOIN'?

THIS DOOR, SEÑOR, LEADS INTO THE OFFICE OF THE CANTINA GRANDE!

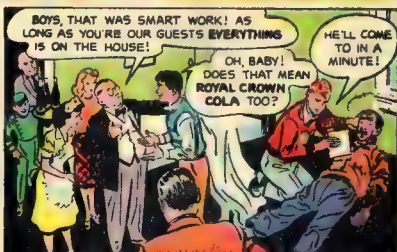
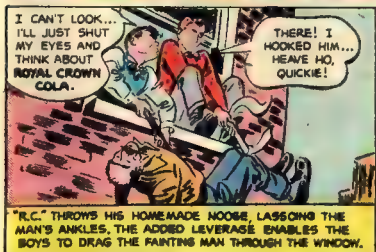
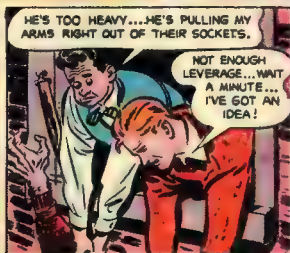
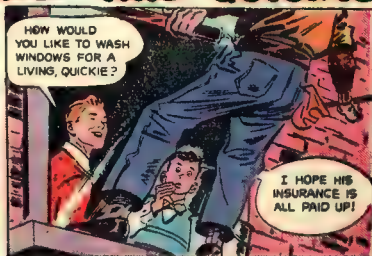
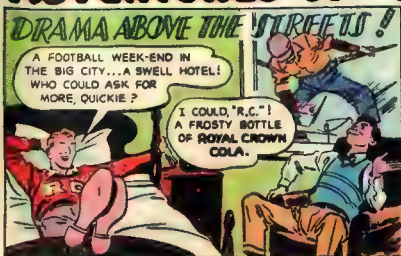








ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



How THOM McAN



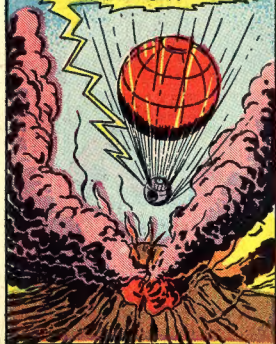
SAVED
THE

DOOMED BALLOON!

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

STRATOSPHERE BALLOON IN DISTRESS! TWO SCIENTISTS FACE DEATH AS THEIR BALLOON FALLS TOWARDS A BOILING MEXICAN VOLCANO!

SINKING RAPIDLY. CAN ALREADY FEEL HEAT OF VOLCANO. ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES AND THEN ...WE'RE LOST!

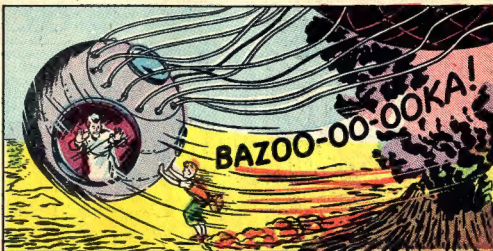
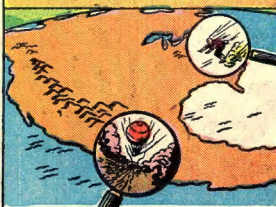


2,000 MILES AWAY!

LOST EH? NOT WHILE I HAVE MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! QUICK, "H," HELP ME PUT THEM ON. I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL!



2,000 MILES IN 2 MINUTES! CAN THOM DO IT? JUST WATCH!



BOY, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES...AND PRECIOUS SCIENTIFIC RECORDS!! NOW CAN YOU FLY TO THE NEAREST TOWN?

NO. MY MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ARE ONLY GOOD WHEN THERE'S DANGER. BUT MY EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES ARE GOOD ALL THE TIME. I'LL CHANGE TO THEM AND WALK.



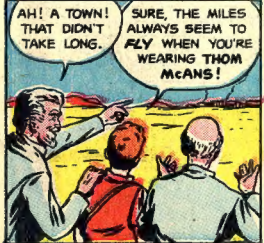
GOLLY, YOU MUST WEAR THOM McANS, TOO!

INDEED, WE SCIENTISTS ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EVERYTHING-- EVEN THE SHOES WE WEAR. AND WE FIND THOM McANS BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY.



AH! A TOWN! THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.

SURE, THE MILES ALWAYS SEEM TO FLY WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THOM McANS!



MOST OF OUR FOLKS ARE ALREADY "SOLD" ON THIS FAMILIAR STORE WITH THE WHITE FRONT. BUT DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. NEXT TIME YOU NEED SHOES, TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU WANT THE GANG'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE...THOM McANS!



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN--ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



SECRET POCKET

**Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold
You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.**

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picture-story style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

Only \$2.98



CLOSED

Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1129-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.**

On these rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 3% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS **CITY** **STATE**

I enclose shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 3% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.56).

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

BOYS! MEN! PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun.

The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed airtight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the seasonally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

Here Are the Features Which Make This "America's Greatest Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable

Compass. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 248-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.**

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your so-called 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME **ADDRESS**

CITY **STATE** ☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh *Dated* Eveready Batteries

For a time, you had to take whatever flashlight batteries you could get!

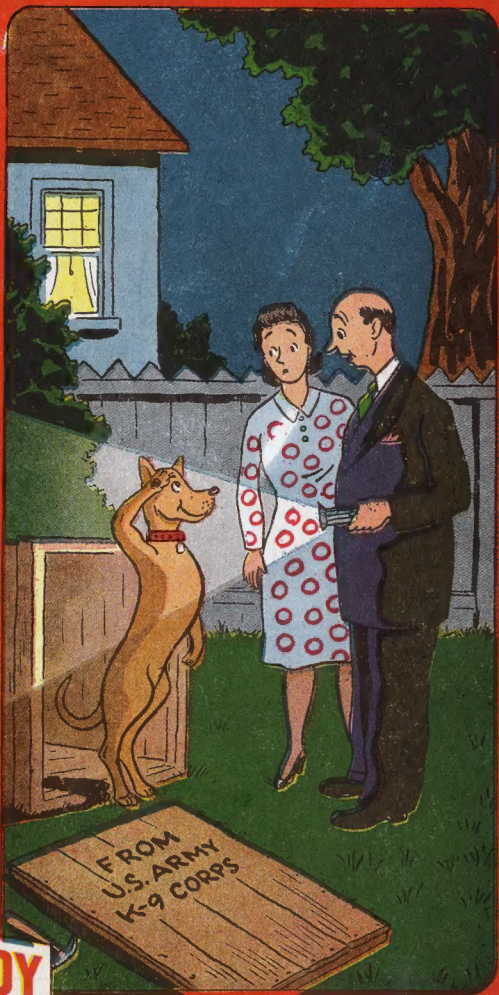
But that time has passed. "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries are back. Ask for them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN